

CONDENSED
HISTORY

OF

NEW LYME,

ASHTABULA COUNTY, OHIO.

Compiled from Early Records and verbal accounts
of old residents of the town.

JEFFERSON, O.,
J. A. HOWELLS & CO.,
1877.

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The following History is made up from written records, and accounts given by some of the oldest persons now living in the township. It was originally printed in the ASHTABULA SENTINEL. The issuing of it in this more convenient form was done at the wish of Jeremiah Dodge, Esq., who has always taken an active part in the welfare of the township, and wishes its history carried down to its future inhabitants.

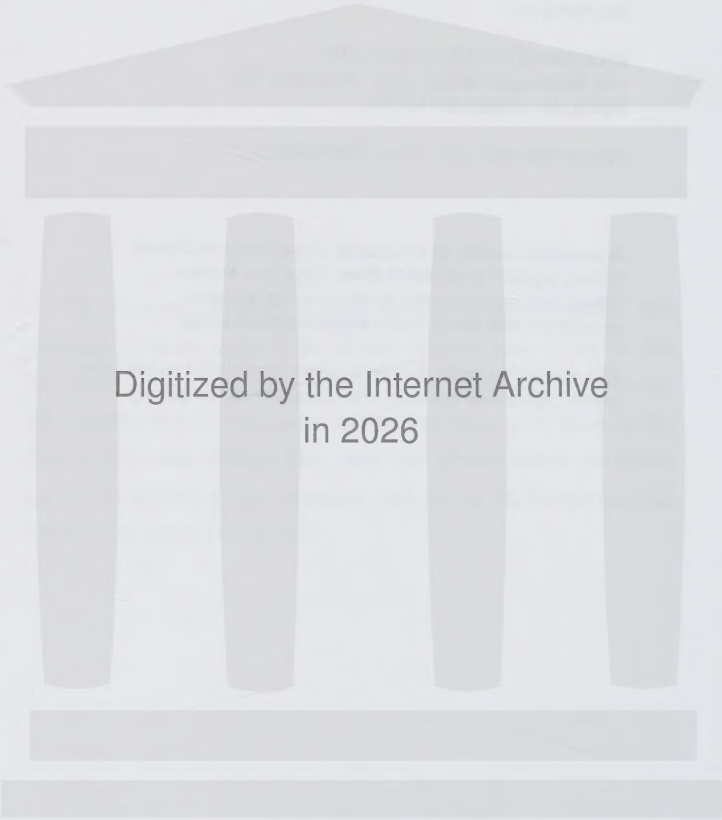
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THE WRITER'S NOTE.

THE present descendants of the first settlers of this town-ship can have but faint conceptions of the sufferings and hardships which were endured by their fathers and mothers while they were laying the foundation for the future welfare of their children. As nearly all of the first settlers have gone to their long homes, a few only still linger who are able to give information as to their sufferings while journeying to this, then vast, wild, and almost impenetrable wilderness, inhabited only by the wild Indians and wild beasts, such as the bear, panther, wolf, and every other species of wild animals then so common in the wilds bordering upon our lakes, with herds of the milder animals, such as the elk, deer, and many of the lesser animals, all of which had for years been permitted to roam at large unmolested by the hand of man.

Thus it seems to us highly proper that the wishes of this little band of pioneers yet left, should, as far as possible, be complied with; that the scenes of their hardships and suffering may be read and reflected upon long after they have gone home to the haven of rest. One of the last requests of our old

and warm friend, that veteran pioneer of this town, Vinton B. Way, as he took, for the last time, the hand of his venerable friend, and companion of his youthful days, Jeremiah Dodge, Esq., to bid him an affectionate and last farewell, was to enjoin upon him to continue to impress upon the minds of the children and youth of the rising generation, the great suffering and privations which they had endured to build up for them homes for their future enjoyment.

None can more deeply regret than ourselves, that it is the special desire of this little band that the writing up of this history should fall upon our shoulders; an undertaking which we feel wholly incompetent to perform, and it is only in consideration of the warm friendship that has existed between us for more than fifty years, that we have at last consented to attempt the task.

B. F. PHILLIPS.

Maple Grove, New Lyme. O., July 1, 1876.

HISTORY OF NEW LYME.

IN 1795 the present township of New Lyme was purchased of the State of Connecticut, by the Connecticut Land Company, for the sum of \$2,400, or 15 cents an acre; quite a contrast between that and the present prices of \$100, and many cases more than that, per acre. It was next sold by that Company to Elisha Tracy and Judge Gilbert, of East Haddam, Connecticut. The first white settler of this township, was Mr. Joel Owen, from Nelson, Tolland county, Connecticut. Mr. Owen, after having devoted thirty-three years of the prime of his life to public and private business, purchased of Mr. Tracy, one thousand acres of land in this township; this purchase included what is known as the Bovee farm, and other farms adjoining the same. It lies about one mile north-east of the present village of Brownsville. Lebanon Creek passes directly through the tract.

1803 About the first of November, 1803, Mr. Owen started from Connecticut with his family, consisting of his wife and two children, in a wagon drawn by a pair of heavy oxen, to move onto his land in this town, a distance of about six

hundred miles. The season was so far advanced and the roads so bad to travel, that when they arrived at Amsterdam, on the Mohawk River, Mr. Owen concluded to let his family remain there until the next spring, while he went on to spend the winter on his land in Ohio, which, as yet, he had not seen. On arriving at his new home, he went to work and built a log cabin 8x12 feet, using split oak shingles for the roof, and split timbers for a floor. In the spring he returned for his family but having learned the difficulty of getting through to Ohio, with his team and wagon, he disposed of them. He left Amsterdam with his family, by water, on the 22d of June, 1804; he rowed up the Mohawk River, and reached Buffalo by way of Lake Ontario, in company with his brother, who was coming as far as Chatauqua county, New York. They lay at Buffalo one week on account of the roughness of Lake Erie. Rowing out of Buffalo Creek, they proceeded up the Lake in a small open boat; they sailed through the day and all night. During the night there arose a terrible thunder-storm, and not being sure of their course, Mr. Owen labored hard at the oar until daybreak. While in the midst of this storm, surrounded by darkness, their little craft struck a rock and sprung aleak. In a few hours they got her off the rock and ran her into Eighteen Mile Creek, where they staid about two weeks, without a house or shelter of any kind, while their little boat was being repaired, after which they again put to sea, but were soon driven into Silver Creek, where they were again exposed to the open weather for twenty-four hours. At Cattaraugus Creek they again went ashore, the Lake being so rough that the boat filled with water. At this place Mrs. Owen was obliged to wade ashore in the midst of a heavy thunder-shower, and being nearly exhausted, she laid down on the beach and sunk to sleep, while the rain poured down upon them in torrents. The next day they went aboard again; their next stopping place was Twenty-Mile Creek. At this place they were compelled to stay

one week longer. From this point to the mouth of Ashtabula Creek they had a good passage. About a mile up the Creek they found and put up in a deserted house, built by George Beckwith, who perished in the woods in Saybrook, in the previous January. At this place they staid three days to rest, while Mr. Owen went to Austinburg, to obtain the services of Deacon Mills Case, to move them onto his land. The first night they camped out in the woods, being unable to reach Judge Austin's, in Austinburg. The next night they arrived at Edmond Strong's, in Morgan; it being the place where Mr. Henry Clark now resides. And the next day, August 13th, 1804, nearly seventy-two years ago, they reached their long sought 8x12 log cabin, it being nine months and thirteen days after they left their home in Connecticut. They were seven miles from any white inhabitants. Edmond Strong, in Morgan, and Joshua Fobes, in Wayne, were their nearest neighbors.

On the arrival of Mr. Owen and his family at their new home, they found about sixty Indians, male and female, encamped on their land at a short distance from their cabin, with whom they managed to live in peace. As soon as practicable Mr. Owen built another log house, twenty feet square, which he made as comfortable as he could without the use of sawed lumber of any kind. It was about seven years after the arrival of Mr. Owen before another white settler arrived in this town. As an evidence of the great perseverance of Mr. Owen, it is sufficient to say, that during the seven years that he was almost entirely shut out from civilization, he so managed that his family never suffered during that long period, for want of provisions. A pioneer blazed road was finally opened through the wilderness from Timothy R. Hawley's, in Morgan, south-easterly by the Edmond Strong place, thence seven miles to Joel Owen's, from thence to Joshua Fobes' in Wayne, and from thence to Poland, through Kinsman, Vernon, and Hartford.

In 1816, Mr. Owen sold his farm in this town and moved to Saybrook, then Wrightsburg, where he had the misfortune to lose his property by the failure of Wright the pretended owner of the township. Mr. Owen was often heard to say that he never enjoyed life better than he did the seven years he lived in this town, seven miles from neighbors. He was always fond of company, and fully appreciated the company of the pioneer travelers who never passed by without stopping with him, and generally staid with him over night, whether they come from the North or South. He was open-hearted, and could always find plenty for his guests to eat, and a place for them to sleep. He also managed to keep on friendly terms with his Indian neighbors, who kept him supplied with elk, deer, and bear meat, and turkeys, as well as sugar and fish in their season, in return for which they would take almost anything in the produce line that he had to spare. Mrs. Owen, also, dealt with the squaws without much trouble, although they would not deal as honestly as the Indians; they would insist in helping her measure potatoes in the half bushel, at the same time slipping about as many under their blankets as they put in the measure.

Mr. Owen, his wife, and children were all down with the fever and ague, the first winter after coming to this town, which was a great drawback to them. They had five children, all daughters; three of them married and settled in Colebrook, one in Saybrook, and one in Gustavus. Sally, who married Gilbert Coles, of Colebrook, was the first white child born in this town. Three of these children are still supposed to be living, one of whom is Mrs. Polly Barber, of Colebrook. Mr. Owen and his wife spent the last years of their eventful life with their children in Colebrook, where they lived to a good old age, loved and respected by all who had the pleasure of their acquaintance.

In the fall of 1810, the spirit of Western enterprise operating in the breasts of Connecticut Yankees, two hardy sons of New England, fathers of families, viz., Samuel G. Peck and Duren Way, of Lyme, New London County, Connecticut, were sent forward to inspect the lands in this township, with a view, if they returned with a favorable report, of making a large accession to the settlement of this town, then only composed of one family. Their report having proved highly satisfactory to all concerned, the following named persons exchanged their farms, and otherwise contracted for lands in this township with a view of making a permanent settlement here, namely: Samuel G. Peck, and his brother, Dan Peck, Esubius Dodge, Zopher Gee, Sanford Miner, Charles Knowles, Vinton B. Way, Lemuel Lee, Joseph Miller, Peter Chapman, Dan Huntley, Joshua Strickland, and Perry G. Beckwith.

In January 1811, Samuel G. Peck and his two sons, William and Josiah Peck, with Daniel Peck and his son Ansel. Vinton B. Way, John and Salmon Gee, and Joshua Strickland, nine in all, came on from Connecticut to this township. They selected a piece of land in the Pigeon Roost for the purpose of raising a piece of corn. They erected a small log cabin, with a split timber roof, and wide enough for a man to lie at full length crosswise of the cabin, and long enough so that when all lay down to sleep they filled the floor from one end to the other. Thus they lived, ate, slept, and worked.

The field was cleared off, and corn put in as joint stock, or in other words, it was a joint stock company. This fertile spot of land belonged at that time to Zopher Gee and Dan Peck. The land was manured to a great depth by pigeons having roosted on this second growth of timber for many years. We regret that we have not been able to get at the number of acres cleared off that season; but we have clearly ascertained that they harvested in the fall six hundred bushels of

corn in the ear. They also raised some fine vegetables. The same company raised eleven acres of corn in Kinsman, twenty miles distant; this was raised on shares, and was said to be a good crop.

We should think it quite a hardship, at the present day, to travel twenty miles through a dense forest, followed, and often surrounded by large droves of wolves, with no line to follow but blazed trees, but such was the fate of our fathers' and was but one of the many hardships which they had to endure. Indeed, the nearest point where provisions could be procured was of Judge Kinsman, then twenty miles distant, through the solid woods. The Judge was kind and accommodating to the emigrants generally. We have often heard the first settlers of this town speak of going down to help the Judge do his haying and harvesting. He had large meadows on the Pymatuning bottoms, where the grass, though coarse, was monstrous stout. Here, also, the Judge had a large stock of the old-fashioned yellow rattlesnakes, from six to nine feet long; and before attempting to mow those meadows, he would turn in from fifty to one hundred hogs, who would pick up the snakes as greedily as they would an ear of corn. After the hogs had done their part, the men would first muffle their legs by wrapping the long coarse grass around them, and then proceed to business. The hands were in the field at early dawn and worked until dark. What would our young Americans say at the present day if they were required to work in this way, and that for 37 to 50 cents a day, and take their pay in provisions at that, as money was entirely out of the question? That is just what our fathers had to do, and then bring the pay home on their backs to keep you nibbling through the week.

In the month of June, 1811. Dan Huntley, Joseph Miller, Peter Chapman, and Perry G. Beckwith, set out from Connecticut, with their families, in wagons drawn by horses, making this town their point of destination. They were accompanied by Dan Chapman, then a single man. They arrived in the

teenth of July, and were the first white families who settled in this town after Mr. Owen's.

In the month of August, following, Samuel G. Peck, Dan Peck, and Vinton B. Way, returned to Connecticut for the purpose of moving their families to this township. On the 20th day of September, 1811, Eusebius Dodge, Samuel G. Peck, Dan Peck, Vinton B. Way, Zopher Gee, Charles Knowles, and Sanford Miner, with their families, accompanied by three young men, Lemuel Lee, Robert Jones, and Henry Brown, arrived; the latter was in stature a perfect giant, and brought with him that renowned (all killing) long gun. It was with this gun that "Uncle Henry," as he was always called, shot the old *posle* one Sunday when coming to Lebanon to preach to us.

In this company there were ninety persons, young and old. This journey, of over six hundred miles, was performed in nine wagons, drawn by oxen and horses. They all arrived safely at Buffalo, and crossed Buffalo and Eighteen Mile Creek in scows, without any material accident having occurred. They got to Goodrich's tavern, just east of the almost impassable Four Mile woods, though the roads over which they had passed were in most cases extremely bad. They came to these woods about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The weather was so fine that they took to the beach with their teams, to pass around the high bluffs, and thus reach Mack's tavern at Cattaraugus Creek, and avoid the Four Mile woods; the women and children pursued the land route, through the woods, on foot.—The line of march around the rocky point, or high bluff, was formed by placing Vinton B. Way, with a two-horse team, on the lead; next in rank was Lemuel Lee and Samuel G. Peck, those gentlemen having some knowledge of the route around the point of rocks. Then followed, in line, the other six wagons. They had proceeded but a short distance when a sudden squall struck the Lake. The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed, the waves ran high, and the rain descended in torrents. They listen! and a cry is heard above the thundering

elements, saying that Mr. Way's wagon is afloat, and the horses under water, tangled in the harness. Mr. Dodge, who was behind with a light two-horse carriage, sprung from it into the Lake followed by Charles Knowles; they plunged forward through the deep water to the rescue of the apparently drowning horses; they cut the harness, and the horses being relieved from their load, plunged ahead into a little nook under the rocky ledge, where they stood, while Dodge and Knowles held the wagon to keep it from being washed back into deeper water, as each succeeding wave engulfed them and the wagon, and then spent their force against the rocks thirty or forty feet beyond them, after having forced Dodge and Knowles violently against the wagon and severely bruising them. Yet by the perseverance of those brave men, the wagon and its contents were finally saved.

While this scene was going on, the other eight wagons were got safely onto dry land, when all hands turned in, and by the use of long ropes rescued the other wagon, which Dodge and Knowles had so bravely held from the watery elements. Mr. Dodge was a heavy, thick-set man, but Knowles was directly the opposite, and would live under the water as well as a mermaid.

All were now safely ashore except the one span of horses belonging to Messrs. Way and Lee. They were left in the water, under the rocks, to live or die, as best they could, for there was no rescuing them, by human aid, until the waves should abate.

The screams and screechings of the women and children above the direful scene, were indeed most heartrending. Losing sight of their husbands and fathers below, and supposing they were all lost in the Lake, they had gone forward, some sixty or seventy in number, without guide or compass. Mr. Dodge overtook them about half a mile from the scene of danger, mingling their wailings with the loud roar of thunder, while the rain was still pouring down in torrents. The whole

Company now returned to the wagons, where they all encamped through the night, which proved cold and chilly. By this time there was not a dry garment in the whole company; most of them lay or sat in the wet wagons, two of them took up lodgings in a large corn basket, sitting face to face; those, we suppose, must have been some of the younger craft.

At break of day, Dan Peck was sent forward to make discoveries. In due time he returned with the cheering news that he had found a newly built log house empty, with a roof, but no doors or floor; and what was still better, he had found Mack's tavern about two miles beyond the house, and he had purchased a bottle of whisky; not the rot-gut of the present day, which will kill a man at forty rods, but the pure old rye. This cheering news put new life into this suffering but energetic little band of emigrants. Mr. Peck also brought with him a brand of fire, as matches had not yet been invented.

As it was still raining, the teams were again hitched to the wagons, and after letting Robert Jones down over the rocks with a rope, with a bag of oats and two blankets, they held onto him while he held the bag for the horses to eat, and covered them with the blankets; then they hauled him to the top of the rocks, a height of forty-five feet, and then moved on to the vacant cabin, where they turned their teams out in the woods, and built a fire and dried some of their bedding, after which they camped down, as many as could find room, while the others stood up or sat down, just as they could catch it. The next morning some of the men returned to the rocks, and again let Jones down in the same manner as before. He mounted one of the horses and swam with them both to the shore, and brought them safe to camp.

The next morning they hitched up all of their teams and went forward to Mack's tavern, where they remained two days. Here the women employed their time in baking, and drying their clothing and bedding. Mr. Dodge, on opening a small trunk which contained \$1,000 in Bank bills, found the trunk

full of water. The money was dried and put in order, though one half of a ten dollar bill was nowhere to be found. But years after this, Mr. Dodge, in looking over his money, found half of a ten dollar bill adhering to the back of another bill. Carefully separating them, and matching it with the other half, which he had saved, he found himself ten dollars richer than he had supposed himself to be.

Starting from Mack's tavern, in process of time they arrived safe at Ashtabula, where they put up over night at a tavern kept by one Fobes. The next morning they had a serious time climbing up the steep banks of Ashtabula creek; but they succeeded in time to reach Benjamin Sweet's, in Austintburg, the same day; the next night they stopped with Timothy R. Hawley, in Morgan. A part of the company, however, went on with their teams, about two miles further, to Strong's cabin, then vacant.

One day more, which was the 1st day of November, 1811, brought them to the log cabin of Samuel G. Peck, then in the dense forest of what is now the beautiful township of New Lyme. This cabin, which then contained a family of ninety persons, was erected on the banks of Lebanon creek, a short distance west of the present village of Dodgeville, now one of the most beautiful streets in Ashtabula county. Indeed, we greatly question whether a more beautiful and highly ornamented street, as the one extending west from Browersville through Dodgeville, and a mile or more west of that, can be found outside of our large cities, in the State of Ohio; not only for their ornamental fronts, but for the beautiful farms by which they are flanked.

Thus, after a journey of forty-three days, which was attended with great sufferings and privations, this heroic band of emigrants had found a home, where they expected to spend the remainder of their days. The first thing to be done after their arrival, was to look about for something to eat. Although six hundred bushels of corn had been raised in the Pigeon

Roost, and eleven acres which was planted on shares, twenty miles away, yet not all the emigrants were sharers in the crop. But most of the emigrants were supplied with cash in sufficient quantities for present use; yet those who had cash suffered severe privations and hardships before their wants could be supplied from their own farms.

Provisions of all kinds were extremely high. Salt was \$25 a barrel, and wheat flour \$28 a barrel, all cash at that. Samuel G. Peck inquired of Joab Austin, of Austinburg, how much corn he should bring him for a barrel of salt. Mr. Austin's reply was, that "You (Peck) never raised, nor ever will raise, corn enough in one year to buy a barrel of salt." Many articles of merchants goods were very high, and none to be got short of twenty miles; $\frac{3}{4}$ yard wide light cotton cloth, fifty cents a yard; 1 yard wide, seventy-five cents; sole leather fifty cents a pound; and all other goods in about the same proportion. Store goods could not be bought for farm produce at any price.

One of the greatest pests that our first settlers had to encounter, by way of losses on cattle, was the bloody murrain, which made sad inroads on their stock; the loss of an ox or a cow, of that disease, was almost of daily occurrence. One spring Mr. Jehn Gee lost his entire stock (one cow excepted), of about nine head; no cause or remedy was ever discovered. It was generally the worst after cattle commenced to eat herbage in the spring of the year. A man who might have a fine stock of cattle in the morning, in apparently fine order and good health, was in no ways sure of his full number at night; when blood commenced to pass them, no earthly power could stop it until they bled to death.

The transportation of provisions seemed almost an impossibility for man or beast.

Soon after this last arrival of emigrants, Mr. Dodge, Samuel G. Peck and his son William, Joshua Strickland, Vinton B. Wray, and several others, started with ox teams for the set-

tlements in Eastern Pennsylvania. Taking plenty of money and a pocket compass, they proceeded by the way of Titus Hayes', in Wayne, to seek for the land of Egypt in another State. Here they found good old Joseph ready, for plenty of money, to supply their wants. Knowing full well that they had left their families on short rations, they lost no time in securing their supplies, which consisted of bread stuff, fresh killed pork, in the hog, potatoes, and many other articles in the line of family supplies. Their return through the woods was slow and tedious, on account of mud, extensive swamps and unbridged streams of water, so that at night they had gained but little towards their homes.

Feeling greatly alarmed on account of the destitution of those left at home, they moved forward with all the speed at their command. After leaving Wayne settlement, eight miles from their homes, which they hoped to reach the same day, but soon finding they must pass another night in the woods they dispatched William Peck a man of gigantic strength, with a bag of flour and a piece of fresh pork, with instructions, if possible, to reach the starving women and children before lying down to rest. He started out with a back load that would have been no discredit to a pack mule, or an Arabian camel. He put ahead following the marked trees, and reached their cabin in Lebanon, after 12 o'clock at night. The women and children, on hearing the sound of Peck's voice, arose from their slumbers and joyfully greeted his arrival. They had watched till late, and with the keen gnawings of hunger had sunk to sleep; but now, joy resounded in the household, as the women began to cook and feed out, first to the starving little ones, and then to themselves, of the means provided by the almost unheard of perseverance of Mr. Peck.

The teamsters continued to advance as long as they could make headway through the thick woods. Then they took off their teams, and lay down on the cold ground, tired, hungry, faint and weary, having eaten nothing since morning, and but

very little then. Vinton B. Way admitted that he got up in the night and by the use of his jack knife made a good meal of raw pork, with raw potatoes for sauce; then he again laid down and slept like a good fellow until morning.

Here we stop to say that we have several bear and wolf stories to relate, and some of them of a hardy character, and as we must have a starting point, will commence with a wolf story, vouched for by our venerable friend, J. Dodge, Esq. When Mr. Dodge was building his first frame barn, near his present residence, in Dodgeville, he had a few sheep and lambs near his barn; having left the barn for a few moments, he heard a dreadful bleating among his sheep, and running back he saw a monster wolf marching off with a lamb in his mouth. The cry of Mr. Dodge soon brought out a large force of men and dogs, but not a single gun in the company; every dog in the settlement, hearing the alarm, were soon at their posts, but none except the old bear dog of Mr. Dodge dared to close in with the wolf. He, like his master, knew no fear, and sprang at once upon the intruder with such a determination to save his master's lamb that the wolf was forced to drop it and turn upon his assailant, when, after giving him a short lecture on the treatment he was giving a stranger, he again caught up the lamb and proceeded on his way home. This same scene was continued for more than a mile through the woods, the wolf often dropping his game to give the brag dog of the settlement a sound drubbing. Finally, crossing the line into Colebrook, "Now," says Mr. Wolf, "I am at home, in my own house! walk in if you dare!" Here the dogs and men left the chase, and the wolf trotted off with his well earned supper.

It was also related to us that in the time of the disaster on the Lake, he (my informant) then a boy, stood on the edge of the cliff in line of all the women and children, and saw wave on wave engulf the party below until they believed them all drowned. The awful scene was so heartrending that they

all started off, hardly knowing which way or where they were going, until old Mr. Dodge was seen approaching them with his feet all blood, having lost his shoes in the Lake, and mangled his feet with the sharp stones on the beach.

Something about Coons. Sanford Miner, one of the settlers of 1811, built a log house on the corner where Dr. Fuller's

1811 house now stands; here was Miner's farm, on which he resided for many years. He was a shoemaker by trade, and also a great coon and bee hunter. He was a great story teller, and was particularly fond of relating to those who came here several years later than he did, the remarkable events that had taken place. He was in after years better known as Deacon Miner. Any one who would feel interested in reading Gulliver's Travels, could not fail to be interested in hearing the Deacon relate a history of past events: One day, as he was in the woods a little south of his house, he noticed a large seam high up in a white ash tree; he noticed also, a constant opening and shutting of the seam, and at once resolved to learn the cause. He cut the tree down, and found nine coons so closely stowed away that their breathing caused the tree to open and shut. The killing of the coons is well authenticated, but the opening and shutting of tree still rests on Miner's statement alone.

Miner was a man who boasted of his wonderful courage, which the following bear story will put to a severe test. Out on a coon hunt, in a small cornfield half a mile south of the settlement, he found himself closely pursued by a bear. He instantly selected and climbed a staddle, so small that the bear could not follow him; but the bear, to his great discomfiture, came and laid down at the foot of the tree. Miner screamed for dear life until his voice failed him, and no one came to his relief; so he clung to the tree until daylight, when he made the discovery that old bruin was none other than Mr. Dodge's old black sow.

The following little incident will show how Miner gained the title of "Deacon Miner." In an early day Lebanon had a farmer, who, for short, we will call Beckwith. He lived a little south of where Dr. Fuller now lives. He was a man of bad temper, and made use of much profane language; yet he was a good farmer, and a hard worker. As times were hard and wages low, he concluded to try preaching for a living. Thus he started out on his mission, making Gustavus his first point. But he soon saw the need of a Deacon to assist him, and on reflection concluded to try and hire Miner, who was his nearest neighbor. The thing took well with Miner, who was soon promoted, and started out with Elder Beckwith, on a promised salary of a dollar a day and board. Miner acted well the part of a Deacon, and lived up to that part of his contract, which was to cry and grieve over Elder Beckwith's preaching. The bait took well with the Gustavus folks for awhile; then they stopped nibbling at the hook, having learned something of the character of the fisherman, who soon after retired into private life, having secured but little recompense beyond their titles. Deacon Miner came off first-best, as the Elder, having refused to pay the promised salary, the Deacon brought the matter promptly before our Courts, who, to their credit be it said, held the Elder firmly to his contract.

The colony of 1811 soon had blazed roads made from house to house, and from their settlement to Wayne, south-east; to Lenox, north; Morgan, north-west; Rome, west; and to Bloomfield, south-west. But these roads, always bad, became by long usage, to be almost impassable on account of deep mud.

In the years of 1813-14, this settlement was visited by a severe famine; this was during the war of 1812. All of their
1814 young and able bodied men were called into the army.

The seasons were wet and cold, and unfavorable for raising crops of any kind. At one time, in the month of July, starvation seemed inevitable; yet they all fared alike, and di-

vided with each other to the last crumb. Green wheat was cut by shearing off the heads when scarcely out of the milk, the beards were singed off, and the green kernels were rubbed out by the hands, and then boiled in water, forming a sort of paste, or pulp, which was fed to the little ones to keep them alive.

Having learned that wheat flour could be bought in Poland, William Peck was at once dispatched with a horse and bags, and plenty of money to purchase one barrel. After two days of faithful travel he reached Poland, where he bought a barrel of flour, for which he paid the sum of \$28. He put the flour into bags, swung them over his horse and started for home, which he reached after winding his way for several days through the then roadless woods. The joy those suffering and starving mothers and little ones must have felt on the return of their deliverer, can better be imagined than reduced to writing. Indeed, how slight the perceptions that the descendants of this noble little band can have of the sufferings which their parents endured for their sakes.

As there were no grist mills in reach of the settlers, Samuel G. Peck burnt a hole in the top of a hard maple stump, smoothed it out as best he could, and then suspended over the hole a heavy wooden pestle, from the end of a spring pole. Two holes were bored through the pestle at right angles, and by putting sticks through these holes, four men could take hold and bring down the pestle with such force as to crush the corn into meal. And in this hole, thus made in a stump, the first settlers of New Lyme pounded all their corn for family use for many years. They fail to tell us of the amount of toll taken at this mill; probably not as much as is taken at the present day.

The bear, the wolf, the wary panther, and all other wild animals combined, were not so much to be dreaded as that deadly and underlurking reptile, the rattlesnake. Though we learn of many hair breadth escapes from their deadly fangs,

yet but few have suffered from their bite. Of the hundred and one stories related to us, one must suffice: In a hole under the hearth in the log house of old Mr. Dodge, a monster snake was seen by the children, coiled ready for action. Mr. Dodge was speedily called, and soon secured him by running a long sharp iron through his body. It was of the yellow species and of fabulous size.

One of the Indians who encamped near Mr. Owen's, one day drove eight elk into Grand River. It was a cold day in the month of February, 1807. It was in a strong bend in the

1807 river, in the present town of Rome, with a steep bank on the west side, which at that time was so slippery that the elk could not climb it; there was also a large quantity of floating ice in the river. The Indian stood on the east bank of the river and shot them all. He then swam in and dragged them out, one at a time. Wishing to get Mr. Owen to haul them into camp, and doubting in his own mind whether Mr. Owen would believe him when he told him what he had done, he cut out their tongues and carried them to Mr. Owen as proof of his exploit. The next day Mr. Owen went with his ox team, accompanied by the whole encampment of Indians, and found them as the Indian had represented. But as he could only carry part of the elks, the Indians soon quartered up the rest, and cutting a hole through the ribs, poked their heads through, and triumphantly marched off to their camp, whooping and yelling at the top of their voices; and for many days thereafter they spent their time in cooking, eating, and dancing, until the whole eight elks were nearly disposed of. We will now change the subject, and speak upon matters that may be more interesting to the ladies of New Lyne.

In those early days every family was expected to raise a piece of flax; and, as soon as the wolves would allow it, to raise their own sheep and wool. These articles were made up into cloth for their families use; it was all carded and spun by hand. Each girl of the household was early taught the

use of the cards and the spinning wheel; as much so as they are at the present day taught the use of the piano. The quill-wheel, the swift, and the loom were considered as indispensable articles of household furniture; and the young ladies were early taught to weave, as well as to card and spin. After the flax had all been worked up into cloth, and a sufficient supply selected for the wear of the family, the girls would mount their horses, and have the heavy rolls mailed on behind them, and ride down to Mr. Hayes' store, in Hartford, only twenty-eight miles, through the woods, where they would sell it for from 25 to 50 cents a yard, according to width and quality. They would take, in exchange, such articles as they most needed for the next year. The return packages contained no ribbons or fancy articles. Everything was selected with due care to its durability.

The young ladies of that day performed much out door labor, such as pulling flax, tending garden, milking cows, feeding calves and pigs, and many other things to help along with the out doors work, while their fathers and brothers did the more heavy work of chopping and logging. The girls thus brought up were far healthier than at the present day, and made strong and robust women.

Speaking of girls pulling flax, takes our mind back to our youthful days. Having a call from Lebanon to meet the hands on the Orison Cleveland farm, to pull flax, we arrived at an early hour, through the mile and a half of forest. We found a large field of flax, and in looking around for the promised hands, we espied a young lady of sweet sixteen, already engaged in pulling the flax. She at once explained that as her folks were fully engaged on their other farm, she had volunteered to take their place so that we would not have to work alone. We of course expected an easy time, as all the fair damsel required of us was to keep up with her; but in this we were mistaken, for although we kept even with her, it would have been hard to have found a more tired boy than we were when we went to

forget that night. Girls' wages at that time, and for many years, ranged from fifty to seventy-five cents a week. One lady tells us, that when she was a small girl she carded and spun tow for Captain Flint, of this town, for six cents a run, until she earned enough to buy her a calico dress; it then required seven yards to make a grown person a dress; the price of prints was seventy-five cents a yard.

Mrs. Jeremiah Dodge, in her early days, went out spinning for $62\frac{1}{2}$ cents a week, that being the usual price. The ladies, both young and old, wore plain yet neat and tidy dresses of their own manufacture. They braided their own hats from straw or bull-rushes. And you would see them walking for miles to meeting, barefooted, carrying their shoes (if they were so lucky as to have any,) in their hands, to put on when near the church. But the young, as well as the aged, often appeared at church in their bare feet, as it was no easy task to get shoes at any price. The wife of Joseph Miller, who was well off for those times, was in the habit of wearing a pair of old shoes, and carrying a pair of better ones in her hand, until one Sunday, on returning to the place where she had left the old ones, she found a porcupine just using up the last of them. This so provoked her that she walked home in her bare feet, carrying her Sunday shoes in her hand.

The usual way of going to meeting, when not on foot, was on ox sleds, drawn by one or more yoke of oxen; sometimes on a flat-bottomed boat, made in much the shape of a canoe. This would run better through the woods than most any other conveyance, and was used in summer and winter, both for going to mill and to meeting.

The costumes worn by the young men were much in keeping with those worn by the ladies. A very common dress was tow frocks, and pants of the same material. Hats, in summer, of straw or bulrushes; in winter, a picked cap of cloth, with a squirrel's tail on top, and one over each ear to keep out the frost. The more genteel young men, or dandies, often

wore deerskin pants and fawn skin vests, from skins of their own tanning; and sometimes they would wear moccasins, made of skins of some animal, such as possum or coon.

The location of the first settlers of this township, was nearly as follows: Eusebius Dodge, Esq., Samuel G. Peck, Zopher Gee, John Gee, Dan Peck, Perry G. Beckwith, and Charles Knowles, all settled along the south bank of Lebanon creek, now the road leading from New Lyme station through Dodgeville and Brownsville to Cherry Valley; and Lemuel Lee, Jr., and Colonel Lemuel Lee, on the north side of the creek. Dan Huntley, Joseph Miller, Joshua Strickland, Vinton B. Way, Peter Chapman, and Dan Chapman all settled on the road leading from Dodgeville to Morgan; Elias Brockway, Sen., and his son Elias, and Henry Roland, who came in still later, settled on the same road. Also the following persons, who

1821 came in about the year 1821: Captain Luther Reeve, a soldier of the Revolution, with his sons, Rumsey, Hannibal, and Benjamin. John Loomis, Albert Latimer, Deacon Joseph Miller, Silas Beckwith. Rumsey Reeve settled on the road east of Albert Latimer's. Stephen and Joaathan Bishop settled a little east of Brownsville, on the south side of the road. All the above were from Lyme, Connecticut.

Elder Joshua Woodruff, from Otsego county, New York, and Aaron Willey, from Genesee county, New York, and Dan Z. Huntley, all settled on the road leading from Brownsville to Jefferson. These three families lived for many years greatly secluded from the other settlement in this town, for want of any roads to get out. Yet they made great improvements, and soon had large farms, surrounded by dense forests, until they were let out to the world by the opening of the road from Warren to Jefferson, which passed by their farms.

Aaron Willey settled on his place in 1819. It is said that, like most of the rest of us, he commenced with small means.

1819 He had only money enough left to buy a cow. With no team, and what was worse yet, a sick wife, he soon

ound himself in debt for doctor's bill \$15; a large sum for any one to owe in those days. But that he was a man of great perseverance will appear from the following little incident: In November, 1820, he went to Jefferson, barefoot, to obtain leather for a pair of shoes, which he bought of Mr. Hoskins, the tanner at that place. Before he got ready to return, it was near sundown and freezing fast; he had ten miles to go, through the woods, and a dark night approaching. Under this state of affairs, he called on Deacon Michael Webster, who gave him a friendly reception. Next morning the ground was covered with snow, yet he rose early for a start home. The Deacon detained him until after breakfast, and then urged him to put on his own shoes, which Willey declined, fearing he should not be able to get them back. So he went through the snow, barefooted. He said his feet stood it quite well after he had traveled two or three miles, but were quite sore for a while afterwards. Mr. Willey, by his perseverance, became a large and wealthy farmer.

Colonel Lemuel Lee, Sen., and his son Samuel, arrived in Lebanon in 1817. The Colonel went to live with his son Lemuel, Jun., where he and his wife remained until their death. Colonel Lee was a highly educated man, and in every respect a gentleman. He was often employed to teach the district school. His son Samuel settled a little north of Lemuel Lee, their farms joining. It is the farm now owned by Harvey Hill, at present better known as Maple Grove.

Samuel Beckwith and Orison Cleveland settled in an early day, on what has long been known as the Beckwith place, south of Dr. Fuller's; the Cleveland farm was west from where the road now is. His house stood near where the orchard now stands. On the south side of the creek, he built a large double log barn on the rise of sand north of the creek. It was in this barn that Halsey and B. F. Phillips threshed, with flails, one hundred and seventy bushels of wheat, in the winter of 1820-21, for which they received seventeen bushels of

1821 wheat, and two hundred bundles of straw. The father was fed out to the oxen and cow of Halsey Phillips, which, together with a little corn and plenty of browse, brought them through the winter in fine order. One of the greatest troubles they had to contend with, was the immense quantity of quails which surrounded the barn in flocks, ready to pounce on to the wheat the moment they left the barn. This barn, like most other log barns of that day, had large doorways cut out to drive through with teams; but there were no doors, only loose boards set up on end, and the quails would go in and out between the logs, at their pleasure.

Young B. F. boarded with Mr. Cleveland, while his brother went home to his family, then the only family in Colebrook, Mr. Blakeslee having moved his family to Lebanon. The board at Mr. Cleveland's was good, but the lodgings were hard, being on the naked floor in the chamber of a small log house, always filled with smoke. In this chamber they smoked their hams and other meats. We don't know as Mr. Cleveland ever charged young B. F. with stealing, yet it is true that when he left he took home two as well smoked hams as ever emanated from a smoke-house.

We believe that for many years the nearest physician was Dr. O. K. Hawley, of Austinburg, and later, Dr. Peter Allen, of Kinsman, until the arrival of young Dr. Fuller, in 1829. **1829** who practiced medicine in this town forty-one years, when he sold out his ride to Dr. Porter Kee, who had read in the office of Dr. Fuller about three years, and they practiced in company for some time before Dr. Fuller gave up the practice.

Dr. Fuller married Miss Joanna Dodge, daughter of Eusebius Dodge, Esq., and settled on the farm where he still resides, when he is not with his son, (who is Cashier of the Second National Bank, of Jefferson,) having long since buried his amiable and loving wife, with whom he had lived most happily many years. The Doctor was one of the best read physicians

of his day, and has passed to old age without a stain upon his character. He has for long years been a member of high standing in the Free Will Baptist Church in this town.

Dr. Fuller related to us one little incident in his early practice, which we will insert, to show that the life of a doctor does not always pass without a ripple: In the early part of his practice he was called to visit the family of Elder Joshua Woodworth, then in the dense wilderness, and about three miles north of what is now Brownsville; then nothing but blazed trees to guide the traveler. It was late when he left the Elder's, and he had penetrated but a short distance into the dark woods before a limb of a tree struck his hat, knocking it off his head. He at once dismounted, but in spite of every effort no hat was to be found. Feeling quite sure that he had one when he left the Elder's and knowing full well the sorry appearance a doctor would make in riding out among his patients without a hat, he most wisely concluded to fall back upon the Elder, and make an early search for his hat by daylight. Next morning the hat was found, and the doctor went on his way home, where he arrived all right.

Dr. Kee, after a practice of many years, and building the famous New Lyme Water Cure Establishment, at an immense expense, moved to Hillsdale, Michigan, where he died of a fever. He was a man of great energy and perseverance, and highly respected by the citizens of New Lyme and the adjoining townships, where he had an extensive practice. Early in his practice he took as a partner, a Dr. Ely, who, after practicing some three or four years, quit on account of failing health, and soon after died of consumption.

New Lyme is again fortunate in having a good physician and surgeon, in the person of Dr. A. Rathbone. He is well-read, and a man of high talent; a good citizen, who has by industry and perseverance already built himself up a practice of which he may well feel proud.

The first school was taught by Mr. John Gee, in the win-

ter of 1812-13. Number of pupils, eighteen. He was paid for his services in chopping. He was an excellent teacher and one of New Lyme's best citizens. He taught in a small cabin, built of small round poles by the boys of Perry G. Beckwith, Sen., for a playhouse and workshop. Col. Lemuel Lee and his sons were some of the early school teachers of this township. Joel Blakeslee taught one term in the winter of 1820-21. The number of pupils had then increased to nearly sixty. The district, at that time, embraced the towns of New Lyme and Colebrook, as did also the supervision district. In 1850 Mr. Albert Hall taught a select school at the Baptist Church, where the district school is now taught. Number of pupils, about twenty-five.

The first white male child born in this town, was Elder Dan. Miller, son of Joseph and Elizabeth Miller. The first death of an adult, took place in 1818, fourteen years after the first settlement of the town. It was an aged lady, a Mrs. Bailey; she died in the house built by Mr. Owen. It is indeed remarkable that fourteen years should elapse, in a township as thickly settled as New Lyme then was, without the occurrence of a death; though it is said that a small child had, during that time, died somewhere in the north part of the town.

The first wedding in this town, took place in the spring of 1812, at the log cabin of Samuel G. Peck. The groom was Calvin Knowlton, of Morgan; the bride, Miss Susan Peck, daughter of Samuel G. Peck. Mrs. Knowlton still survives her husband; she is now 82 years old, and resides with her son, Stephen, on the old farm where they first settled, in Morgan. They were married by the Rev. Dr. Cowles, of Austinburg.

Courting was not done in those early days as at present, for it was then expected that every young couple should pass through a series of Sunday night courtships, extending from twelve to eighteen months, and often still longer. Nor did

the lady object to this slow mode of courtship, for she must know well her chap before she stepped her foot into the matrimonial trap, for when once married they staid so; for we had no divorce suits in our courts in those days. And there is nothing to show that Susan made any objection to this old-time practice. It was plain to be seen that it wore hard on Calvin, for the lovers were separated by an almost trackless wilderness, full of all manner of wild beasts, with only blazed trees to guide the lover. Yet by an edict of those old Connecticut Puritans, this must all be done after sundown, and that, too, on Sunday night. Now Calvin had eight long miles to walk, through mud and snow. One night he slipped out at the back door while a faint glimpse of the sun was yet to be seen above the horizon, and was soon under a fair headway for his Susan. The next day poor Calvin was brought before his betters, and fined \$1.00 and costs, for thus profaning the Lord's day. Thus says the records of our County, at Jefferson. We suggest that a petition be sent to our County Commissioners to refund said money, with interest, to the surviving widow of Calvin.

As we had little or no money in those days, it was sometimes difficult to raise a sum sufficient to pay the marriage fee. Yet, we could always find a Justice that would take coon skins or work; and if he did not happen to want either, he would sometimes let the bride pay it in carding and spinning tow, after she had commenced housekeeping. And we have many instances recorded where produce was received in payment for a marriage license. At that time a small bounty was paid for wolf scalps, and when you saw a young fellow trapping for the wolf, you might feel sure that a wedding was not far off.

And while speaking again of wolves, we have an incident to record, proving conclusively what we have often heard: that a wolf, when once caught in a trap, would become as docile as a kitten, and perfectly harmless. The sons of John Mann caught a wolf in a log trap. They took the wolf on their shoul-

ders and carried him to the house of Ethan Willey, where they laid him down on the floor; he permitted himself to be handled without making any resistance. This story is authenticated by a lady of unimpeachable character, who, though then a child, was present in the room with the wolf. She says he appeared as tame and docile as a kitten, and allowed any one to handle him that wished to.

The first sermon preached in this town was by the Rev. Giles H. Cowles, of Austinburg, at the house of Zopher Gee.

1812 in the fall of 1812, when twenty hearers were present. The pioneers of this township commenced meeting together on the Sabbath soon after their arrival. They met at the houses of Zopher Gee and Perry G. Beckwith during several of the first meetings. The services were conducted without the usual form of commencing with prayer. They would first sing; then one in the little congregation would rise, speak a few words, and sit down, followed, perhaps, by one or two others; again a verse or two was sung, and opportunity given for others to speak. After continuing a suitable time making remarks and singing, the meeting would adjourn to the next Sabbath. At length one Sabbath morning, Joseph Miller, Esq., on opening the meeting by reading a hymn, remarked that their meetings did not seem right without opening with prayer. "Is there no one of us that can pray?" There were none who had ever prayed in public. Of course each one excused himself and looked to his neighbor. Finally Mother Gee knelt down and offered a most fervent and effective prayer for herself and the poor sinners of Lebanon.

From this time the meetings became more interesting. Uncle Henry Brown, from Rome, attended with his long gun to guard him through the woods. He generally arrived in time to open the meeting, and give the people a good, long and powerful exhortation. But one Sunday Uncle Henry came in rather late, and laying aside his hat, and standing his gun up behind the door, he apologized to his brethren and sis-

ters, and stated that on his way through the woods he stopped to shoot a postle, or he should have been there sooner. He then commenced and gave a powerful exhortation, as the writer well remembers, he being one of the hearers. Mr. Brown was very efficient and useful in conducting religious meetings before regular preaching could be had.

The first church formed was the Close Communion Baptists. They built a church in 1832. It is now converted into a school house and the members have united with other churches, we think in Colebrook, though very many of the oldest members are now dead. Elder Joshua Woodworth, who was ordained at Jefferson in 1811, was long a pastor of that church. He was followed by Elder Silas Barnes, Sidney Carter, and Elder St. John. The Free Will Baptist Church was built at Dodgeville, in 1846.

The first saw-mill was built on Whetstone Creek, on the Jefferson road north of Brownsville, in 1814, by Joseph Miller.

1814 Martin Hundley received a severe injury at the raising of this mill. The next mill was built by Zopher Gee and Samuel G. Peck in 1820, on Lebanon Creek, near the present residence of Zopher Gee. The next one was built by Jeremiah Miller, on the same creek, one mile northeast of Brownsville. Mr. Miller and family also came from Lyme, Connecticut, in 1821. He was a ship carpenter and house-joiner. His son, Jeremiah, who still resides on the old farm, and a younger brother, Ezra M. Miller, now dead, were both in their day, first-class carpenters and joiners.

In 1843, Oliver Brown built a first-class water mill on the Lebanon Creek, at Brownsville, which, after running by water seven years, he put in steam power, with which he has run it for the last twenty-six years; and it is now about as good as most new mills. This, and a steam mill north of the center of the town, are the only mills now remaining. Many millions of feet of lumber have been hauled from those mills to Ash-tabula and sold there for less than one-half of what we are now paying for a poorer article of Michigan pine lumber.

Elijah Brown emigrated from Lyme, Connecticut, in 1822. He settled in what is now Brownsville. It was from this family that the village derived its name. His sons, 1822 Oliver and Frederick, still own the old farm, on which they now live, and are men of much wealth. His three daughters all settled in this town. They are the wives of Judge Deming, Lyman Peck, and Marcene Miller.

Soon after the arrival of Mr. Brown, he had a cow and calf killed and eaten up by the wolves, down near the Pigeon Roost, about fifty or sixty rods southwest of where the village now stands. Their bones were piled up and left as a memento of what the wolves had accomplished. It is said that some of the bones are still to be seen at the place where the cow was destroyed.

Mrs. Brown, the widow of Elijah, died in the spring of 1876, at an advanced age. She was a great lover of flowers, and for many years had one of the finest flower gardens in the south part of the county, in which she spent most of her spare hours during the season of flowers. At her death, those beautiful and highly prized flowers were sought for by her friends, to cultivate to perpetuate the memory of that good and kind-hearted old lady.

The thunderings of the cannon on Lake Erie, at the time of Perry's victory, were plainly heard in this, then new, settlement; and was listened to with intense interest, as all who were able to bear arms had gone to the frontier to defend their homes from the British and Indians in case of the capture of the American fleet, under command of our brave Perry. They well knew when the battle had ended, but did not learn the result until some time had elapsed. The first news received was that the British and Indians were marching for the southern settlements. As night approached, all listened with eagerness for the coming of the enemy.

About nine o'clock Sanford Miner, a man of great courage, heard what he believed to be the firing of the enemy. He at

once, like a brave man, resolved to defend his family at the expense of his own life; they all being of the gentler sex. He at once gave them notice that the Indians were near, and ordered them up the ladder into the log-house chamber. Miner followed, with ax in hand, and pulled the ladder up after him; they all remained until morning, when Miner ventured down to take a look at the ruins of the settlement. When, to his surprise, he found the people all alive and kicking. On investigating the cause of his alarm, he found it was caused by two of the young Dodges' having jumped into bed so suddenly that the old pole bedstead had fallen with a crash. He at once reported the good news to his family, who crawled down the ladder in safety.

The wild animals found here in the early settlement were such as generally prevailed in Northern Ohio at that early day. They consisted of elk, deer, two species of black bear, the long and short legged ones; the black and the gray wolf; occasionally a panther was seen, though they were few; there were plenty of wild-cats, but they were mostly confined to the lowlands; we had the gray and red fox, raccoons, porcupines, opossums, woodchucks, skunks, and many smaller animals. The elk often traversed the woods in large droves of forty or fifty, or over, and were almost daily seen in the elk and deer lick, both standing side by side. Old Mr. Dodge says that as he and two other men were traveling through the Seven Mile woods, between Lebanon and Wayne, their dogs suddenly rushed into a drove of about forty elks; they ran with great force and fury across the path before them, and the snow-balls and mud flew like a shower of hail, and the rattling of their horns among the trees was like the breaking down of a windfall passing through the forest.

Coons were largely hunted for their skins as well as for their oil, which was unequalled for shortning, or frying cakes; there is no sweeter meat than a fat coon. It was not uncommon to take from two to nine coons from a single tree. Old

Mr. Dodge sold to Mr. Coleman, of Wayne, \$40 worth of coon skins all caught in one season. They also saved a barrel of pure oil by trying out the fat from the coons.

In 1824 William and Josiah J. Peck, John Bogue, and Amasa Hubbard, with two dogs, two guns, and two axes, started out

1824 for coons. After going about half a mile into the woods the party divided off, two going in one direction and two in another. Shortly after parting, one of the party struck a bear track, which they followed about half a mile, when they found that bruin had taken to a hollow tree. Peck chopped down the tree while Hubbard held the dogs and gun. The old bear leaped out when about fifty feet from the ground. The dogs clinched with it, and a bloody contest ensued. Hubbard was in the midst of the battle; he sunk the bit of his ax into the bear's shoulder. After running about fifty rods, the dogs stooped the bear. Hubbard gave it another blow with the bit of his ax; the blood was flowing, the dogs were howling, and in the midst of the battle, when William Peck, who, up to this time had been in the rear, came up. The bear, on receiving the last blow, wheeled and struck Hubbard on the thigh with his sharp claws, tore his pantaloons, and made a deep gash in his flesh, at the same time bringing him within his grasp; in endeavoring to grasp Hubbard's head, the bear caught his hand in its mouth, and bit it through and through, the scars of which are still plainly visible. The bear then attempted to climb a tree, when Hubbard ran up and chopped off one of its feet; it fell to the ground. Hubbard, gory with his own and the bear's blood, and in extreme pain, cried out, "Bill, you take her now!" And Bill did take her, and the bear was slain; a bloodier set were rarely seen. Hubbard was disabled for about five months, and suffered extreme pain from his wounds. Now, after a lapse of fifty-two years, he is hale and hearty, and good for another bear; while Bill, as our friend Hubbard calls him, is an extensive Iowa farmer.

Here is another bear story: In 1814, in the month of Oc-

tobler, the wife of Peter Chapman, mother of the wife of our
1814 venerable friend, Jeremiah Dodge, Esq., a woman of
great courage and resolution, was on a visit at the
house of Vinton B. Way, one and a half miles through the
woods south of her own dwelling. About sun-down Mr. Way's
hogs came rushing home out of the woods quite bloody. Mrs.
Chapman was about starting for home, and Mr. Way proposed
going with her, fearing the bears would kill her, as one of his
hogs was missing, and the others, quite bloody, had come out
of the woods directly in her path. She said no, he should not
go with her, for she was not afraid of bears. No, not she!
And away she went, walking quite fast. She soon discovered
a monster bear a little ahead of her, walking up a high bank
with a dead hog in his mouth. She screamed, and doubling
her speed, soon overtook him. The bear cast one look back
at her, dropped the hog, and scampered off at full speed, while
she was yelling at him at the top of her voice. Mr. Way,
hearing screams, was soon at the spot and insisted on going
home with her, as she had a mile of dark woods yet to pass
through, and the bear was still ahead of her. She said, "No,
you shan't go with me. I have made one bear run, and can
do it again. She wasn't afraid of any bear living. Mr.
Way went back, and she went home alone. In 1817
1817 this same lady saved the wool and mutton of a sheep
that a hideous wolf had killed within three rods of her
cabin door, just as she was sitting down to her dinner, by rush-
ing out with her caseknire, and driving the old fellow off the
premises, with strict injunctions not to approach her cabin
again, on penalty of death.

Although we resided in another town, we often met Mr.
Vinton B. Way at church, where, in warm weather, he would
generally go in his bare feet. He was a man of great hospi-
tality; generous at home or abroad. We well remember that
his coat pockets were large; we should think that they would
hold about a half peck each. He would come to meeting with

his pockets stuffed full of raw potatoes, and about half an hour before the forenoon services were ended, he would step to the big fireplace, take the slice and rake open the coals, then put in the potatoes, which would be well roasted by the time we were dismissed for noon, when he would distribute them through the hungry crowd.

In 1816 Jeremiah Dodge heard a squealing in the woods some forty rods down the creek, west of the present village of Dodgeville, and he at once started in that direction. "A bear! A bear!" was heard from Samuel G. Peck, who was in full chase with an ax. Peck ran, and Dodge ran, and the two big bear dogs ran; other Pecks' and other Dodges' ran, yet the old bear dodged them all. Mr. Peck approached bruin with uplifted ax, just as he was tugging his old sow up a steep bank, strongly gripped in his embrace, with two heavy dogs hanging on to his rear parts. The bear, perceiving Mr. Peck's ax so near, dropped the hog, and ran ahead with the two dogs hanging to him. The sow, as the bear dropped her, came tumbling past Mr. Peck, threw out her wide-spread jaws at him, causing him to cry out, "Get out, you old cuss you!" By this time all the men, boys, and dogs, were out in force. The old bear gave them all the slip and put for home.

We sometimes thought that Deacon Miner exaggerated when he said that bears were as thick as black squirrels, when they first settled here. But we begin to think he might not have been far from the truth, when he told that he went out to his cornfield one morning and knocked on the fence with a club, and nine bears jumped out of the field over the fence.

The Pigeon Roost was planted to corn, and consequently was a good place for bears to fatten. In the month of August,

1814 1814, Dan Peck, with his wife, and son Lyman, with two bear dogs, took a walk to their cornfield, in the Pigeon Roost, where they met a bear that seemed to be quite at home. But the dogs, not respecting bruin's rights, pitched into him with a will, when his bearship left, and after running about

half a mile, went up a tree. The party were soon on the spot, and Mr. Peck sent Lyman for Elijah Beckwith to come with his rifle, and kill the bear, while they kept him up the tree. Elijah came with his rifle, and fired at the bear's head, as he was looking down at him over the crotch of the tree, but did not kill him. A second shot, however, penetrated his skull between the eyes, when he came tumbling to the ground, a dead bear. Mrs. Peck was highly elated as the bear fell dead at her feet.

Like other sons of pioneers, Elijah Beckwith was not afraid of bears. Once, on seeing a bear coming out of the woods near by, he slipped around behind him and attacked the bear with his ax so successfully that he soon dispatched him. In his younger days Elijah was considered a dead shot, and killed many a bear.

Ethan Willey moved from East Haddam, Connecticut, in 1817, and settled a little over a mile northeast of Brownsville, where he made himself a fine farm, on which he resided until his death. One of his daughters is now the wife of Calvin Dodge, Esq.; another, wife of D. S. Chapel, of Colebrook; a grand-daughter of his is the wife of S. T. Fuller, Cashier of the Second National Bank, of Jefferson, Ohio. The Willey girls were some of the few that were cut out for rich men's wives that were not spoiled in making up.

In 1826 a mail route was established from Warren to Jefferson, through this town. It was carried on foot, once a week each way, for a long time; then on horseback, and finally, in 1847, it was transported twice a week, each way, by Uriah Loomis, of Jefferson, in a two-horse hack. The first postmaster was Lemuel Lee, Esq. The office was kept at his house, north of Dr. Fuller's. This postmaster was succeeded by his brother, Samuel Lee, who kept the office at what is now Maple Grove, on the Harvey Hill place. The office was next moved to the north and south State road, a mile north of Brownsville, and Nelson Hyde was appointed postmaster. It

was next moved to Brownsville, and William S. Deming was appointed postmaster. In 1847 Calvin Dodge was appointed postmaster, and the office was removed to Dodgeville. **1847** Since then the office has changed hands several times, and is now kept by Perry Hyde, at Brownsville, and a new postoffice has been established a mile north of Brownsville, and Marcena Miller has the appointment of postmaster. For the accommodation of western New Lyme and the south part of Rome, a postoffice is established at New Lyme station, and Mr. Hiram Moses is postmaster.

The township of Lebanon was organized on the first Monday of April, 1813, when the following persons were elected to office: Clerk, Joseph Miller; trustees, Dan Huntley, **1813** Samuel G. Peck, Perry G. Beckwith; treasurer, Joel Owen; constable, Edward C. Peck. There is no record to show the other officers. On the second day of August, 1813, Eusebius Dodge was commissioned Justice of the Peace for Lebanon township. He was succeeded by Joseph Miller, whose commission is dated July 29, 1816. His successor was Lemuel Lee, who held the office for many years with great ability, and then he resigned, or, rather, refused a re-election. As the voters of New Lyme were unable to settle on any one for that office, it was agreed to let Mr. Lee select the man, and they would all vote for the man of his choice. He told them to select the biggest rascal they had in town; whereupon they all, as one, voted to re-elect him. He acquiesced, and again accepted the office. Jeremiah Dodge was also Justice for a long time, until the organization of Lebanon was detached from Wayne and attached to Colebrook. At the election in 1822 Halsey Phillips, of Colebrook, was elected Constable, and re-elected in 1823-24. He was afterward elected Justice of the Peace, an office which he held in New Lyme and Colebrook for nearly twenty-five years, when he resigned on account of loss of hearing. It has been said that not one of his decisions was ever reversed in a higher

1825 court. In 1825 the name of this township was changed from Lebanon to New Lyme. Calvin Dodge has now been acting Justice for the last twelve years. Lemuel Lee was legislator for one term, and Judge William S. Deming during two terms.

Sixty-five years ago Eusebius Dodge owned 1280 acres of wild land in this town; and, what is quite uncommon, is that the same land, less a few village lots, are still owned by the same family, who have continued to add to it, until they now own about 1600 acres, nearly all under good improvements.

Old Mr. Dodge, though not a noted hunter, was bold and daring in his few encounters with wild beasts; especially when he found them trespassing on his flocks or fields. One morning, in looking for a lost sheep, he discovered a wolf near him, scenting about as if in search of game. He drew up his rifle and shot, wounding the wolf, but not killing him. The wolf at once showed proper resentment; he flew at the old gentleman in a rage, not even giving him time to re-load his rifle. He seized a club, and the battle was a furious one. Teeth and claws were freely used, but Mr. Wolf had to succumb to superior force. Mr. Dodge then went in the direction the wolf was going when he first saw him, and found the remains of his lost sheep, which appeared to have been killed but a short time previous.

Mr. Dodge once dealt death with a club to a bear. He related the story as follows: One Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1812, he and his wife, Sanford Miner and wife, his son John, and Lemuel Lee, went to the Pigeon Roost for green corn, potatoes, and squashes, for their Sunday evening supper. Two large bear dogs accompanied them. The women, having filled their aprons with vegetables, started for home, when a terrible cry from the dogs was heard to the westward of their route home. The young men were dispatched to see what game the dogs had found. "A bear! A bear!" was soon announced. The men started for the bear, and the women for home. Bruin was found

some twenty feet up a tree, looking down over first one shoulder and then the other. He then hitched down to within a few feet of the ground and dropped down. He was a large bear; he started off, but the dogs seized him so tightly in the rear that he wheeled over backwards and cleared himself from the dogs. Mr. Dodge jumped on to the bear, and found himself traveling with greater speed than he was wont to do, notwithstanding the dogs were both fastened to the bear. He still held on, the bear rolling over and bringing Mr. Dodge sometimes on top of the bear, and sometimes the bear on top of him, with the dogs on top of both. Mr. Dodge called loudly to the young men to bring him clubs, which they did, until all the old clubs at hand were used up. At length a large cudgel was found, with which Mr. Dodge soon brought bruin to terms by thumps on the end of his nose. He said that whether on the upper or under side of the bear he felt no fear until he saw the monster bear lying dead at his feet. Then, when he saw the long-legged and long-sided black creature, with his monster head and claws, and his long, strong white teeth, he concluded that, at least, he had been in rather a dangerous place.

In the month of September 1813, Elijah, Samuel, and Silas Peck, three brothers, sons of Griffin G. Peck, aged respectively, thirteen, eleven, and nine years, went to the woods
1813 near Rock Creek, a little south of Stults & Jayne's grist mill in the east side of Rome. They took with them one ax and three dogs five or six months old. Elijah, the oldest, with one dog went up on the west side of the creek, and the other two boys, with two dogs, went up on the east side of the creek. Soon there was a terrible outcry from the dog on the west side of the creek; and the cry of "A bear! A bear!" from the thirteen year old boy. This brought his brothers and the other two dogs to the spot. The dogs treed the bear, and when the boys came up, bruin seemed to have a desire to be one among them. But Elijah, not exactly liking the appear-

ance of his long claws and white teeth, pelted him with the head of his ax. The bear, not being used to that kind of treatment, went up a large elm tree, where he sat, looking very soberly down upon the boys and their undisciplined pups. The boys then held a council of war, to see what should be done. Elijah proposed that he should stay and keep watch of the bear while the other boys went for a gun; but the two younger boys would not consent to that arrangement, nor would they agree to stay and let Elijah go, for fear the bear, seeing them alone, would come down and overpower them. So it was agreed that they would all stay and fight it out on that line. They then cut clubs for the younger boys, and Elijah was to use the ax. In order to scare the bear down, they concluded to fall a small tree into the one where the bear had taken refuge; this had the desired effect, and down he came; the boys and dogs took after him pell-mell. The dogs soon had him down, and Elijah, with the ax, soon crippled him in one leg, then in the second and third, and then applying the ax briskly to the bear's head, soon killed him.

At this juncture, Silas, the youngest, feeling that he had not had his full share in the honors of the fight, said, "Now let me have the ax and give old bruin some;" which the boy was permitted to do to his heart's content. During the fight one of the dogs was hugged so tight that he cried "Hi, yi! hi, yi!" as much as to say, "Please Mr. Bear, if you will let me alone I will you." And he kept his word, for he would never have anything to do with a bear after this battle. Then came the tug to get the bear home, for he was one of the big kind; but the boys felt large and stout after killing a bear, so they tugged away until they got him home.

When uncle Griffin saw what his boys had done, he said: "Lord! Lord! If I had only known what you were about, I should have been with you." Those brave boys are still living. Elijah and Silas in this town, and Samuel in Rome. They are all now old men. The place where the boys killed the bear

can still be pointed out by our venerable pioneer friend, Mr. Amasa Hubbard.

The first merchant that sold goods in New Lyme, was Jeremiah Dodge, Esq. They were furnished him by one Kiney, to sell on commission. At this time our nearest store was at Morgan, about eight miles distant, and poor roads at that. The usual mode of getting to Morgan was with ox teams, sometimes with two-wheel carts, but more commonly with ox sleds. Buggies, or one-horse wagons, were unknown here in those days. We could not have used them if we had had them. The women, from the oldest to the youngest, were early learned to ride on horseback; and they thought it no great hardship to make a trip through the woods twenty-five or thirty miles, and back the same day.

In 1830 Colonel Richard Hayes and Benjamin Carpenter, of Hartford, Trumbull county, set up a store where the Dodges have ever since done business, in Dodgeville. In Feb-
1830 ruary, 1834, they sold out to J. Dodge & Co. Samuel Plumb Esq., became a partner at that time, and later both Nelson Hyde and Albert Latimer were partners with J. Dodge, since which time it has been in the hands of Calvin and John Dodge, until it came into possession of Hiram Dodge, under whose care the business has been successfully managed for the last twenty-five years. Hayes & Carpenter were the first merchants in this part of the county, if not in the county, that would exchange goods for wheat. This they would do and pay 37½ cents a bushel for wheat. When J. Dodge went into business he would take anything that was property. This brought him a trade that was enormous. Windsor, Orwell, Colebrook, Rome, Hartsgrove, Lenox, Greene, Wayne, Cherry Valley, and other towns, traded more or less with Mt. Dodge. He would take all our old cows in the fall, after we had done making cheese, and would often pay us as much, or even more, than they cost us in the spring. Oxen, steers, butter, cheese, horses or anything a farmer had to sell, uncle Jerry would take, and

allow us all it was worth, and often more than it proved to be worth to him.

Yet all this property had to be turned over and over again, which, together with his farming, which he never neglected, gave constant employment to a large force of hands. Such cattle as would not do to drive to New York or Philadelphia, were sent to Ashtabula harbor, and there butchered and packed for the New York market. In the fall of 1850, Mr. Dodge packed at Ashtabula harbor, 1,700 barrels of beef, besides a large quantity of pork at home, and tons on tons of butter, with about one hundred tons of cheese. He also run an extensive ashery, where he gathered all the ashes for miles around. They were converted into pots and pearls.

The cheese trade in this town has sprung from small beginnings. We are not exactly sure who is entitled to the credit of making the first cheese in New Lyme; but from the best information we can obtain from the oldest settlers, we think we should be doing no one injustice in awarding the credit to Mrs. Zopher Gee, or "Mother Gee" as she was called. Though we have the best of reasons for believing that the first cheese made for marketing was by Elijah Brown, for in one season he made nearly a two-horse wagon load. As no one then bought cheese here, he loaded them into a wagon and took them up to Joab Austin to try and trade them for goods. Mr. Austin, who years after would not have been as much startled at taking in a hundred tons of cheese a week as he was surprised to see this enormous quantity, and freely gave, as his opinion, that no Western market could stand the pressure of that amount of cheese. Mr. Brown, who was a man of great perseverance, started for Buffalo with his cheese; but on arriving at Dunkirk he succeeded in trading off his cheese, and returned home with the proceeds. Mr. Brown could find no tub sufficiently large to make his cheese in, short of Hayes' store, in Hartford, where he found a heavy pine tub, which held over a barrel, which he brought home through the woods on horseback. It is said

that he carried it all the way on his head. But we will return to our subject.

Mr. Dodge was a large dealer in oxen and steers. He bought, not only on his own account, but he often made heavy purchases for Eastern men. He bought 1000 head of heavy oxen and steers in one season, on commission. He also sent large droves over the mountains on his own account. The largest drove at any one time, was two hundred and fifty head, in 1826.

1826 Mr. Dodge bought largely of working oxen for the Detroit market; they were sold to emigrants as they arrived from the East; for this market none but heavy oxen were required. The highest price paid was \$40 a pair; the average price paid here was about \$35 a yoke. He generally took about a hundred pair at a time; he had the yokes all made here and taken up in wagons or by way of the Lake.

Old Mr. Dodge, wanting a pair of heavy oxen for his own farm use, Seldon Huntley brought him a pair that just suited him, and he offered Huntley \$35 in cash, which Huntley refused, and started to drive his oxen home. Then Mr. Dodge offered him one hundred bushels of good old wheat for them, when Huntley, after studying a few moments, told him he would take the money, and did so.

Mr. Jeremiah Dodge made a practice of bringing in one or more uroves of cows each spring. He bought in Holmes, Tuscarawas, and Coshocton counties. We once met him in those regions with over one hundred and fifty cows, which had cost him \$9 a head; those he would sell here to his customers and take cheese in the fall for pay.

The Dutch women wanted uncle Jerry to learn them how to make cheese. They had supposed that the milk was boiled down, like sap, until Mr. Dodge undeceived them by making two cheese, which he pressed in a half bushel with the bottom knocked out, and pressed them by putting a pole through between the logs of the house. They cut them when a week old, and pronounced them first-rate.

The present great wealth of the Dodges' has not been obtained without an effort, and one of which the young men of the present day might well take lessons. We believe that the use of tobacco has never been practiced by any of the family. What a lesson this ought to teach some of our young men, whose cigar and other tobacco bills for a single year foot up \$50 or more. In the early history of the mercantile business of J. Dodge, Esq., we have twice known him to go to Pittsburg with a wagon drawn by two heavy pair of oxen, loaded with such articles of produce as was taken in for goods, to be exchanged for glass, nails, iron, and such other articles of merchandise as was most needed at his store. He drove his own team over the almost impassable Beaver hills, and through the rocky narrows of the Ohio river, where a single mis step would send the team and wagon down an awful precipice into the river below. He once sent twelve teams at one time, all loaded with cheese, to Beaver, to be shipped to Southern ports.

We have often been asked the question, if there was no money how so much business could be done away from home. Well, the bills from here to Beaver were all paid in goods from the store. Each tavern would send by the teamster for what articles they most needed, which would be taken to them by the next team down. This was not only done by Mr. Dodge, but by all merchants who had teaming to do from home. From the vast amount of cattle handled by Mr. Dodge, he early saw the importance of an improvement in our grade of cattle, and gave his attention in that direction.

He first sent his son Calvin to look after some fine blooded stock. He started out with some two thousand dollars in his pocket, and after traversing the State of New York and Eastern Pennsylvania, he returned without making a purchase, finding no stock that came up to his idea of what fine blooded stock should be. He next traversed Ohio, and when near Columbus he found some blooded cattle that came nearly up to the standard of his wishes. This was in January, 1858. The stock bought

at this time was: One 6 year old cow, \$300; one 4 year old
1858 cow, \$250; one 2 year old heifer, \$250; one 2 year old
heifer, \$200, one yearling bull, \$400; and other stock,
amounting in all to \$1,950. He after this replenished largely
from some of the finest stock in the State of Kentucky. Soon
the increase in his stock enabled him to supply others. In
referring to his books, we find sales of steers at \$500 each; one
3 year old weighed 2750 pounds; sales of cows, from \$300 to
\$500 apiece; and of calves at \$300 a head.

But to return to cheese. The first lot that was taken in
his town was packed at the barn of J. Dodge. One cheese
was found to measure fourteen inches across; this was laid one
side, and viewed with wonder and amazement, and was the
gossip of New Lyme, as well as of our sister towns. At this
time it was supposed that the art of cheese making was brought
to the highest state of perfection, for they had then got to
making them so soft that they could penetrate them with a
sharp-pointed knife, without the use of a mallet.

After this Mr. Dodge bought a cheese of James Stone, of
Morgan, that weighed five hundred pounds. A box to pack it
in was made by the McNutts, of Eagleville, and cost \$25. The
cheese was shipped first to Cincinnati, and from there to St.
Louis, where it sold at a satisfactory price. Cheese was at first
sent to market packed in paper-rags, generally in dry goods
boxes; next in casks made of narrow whitewood boards; they
would hold from seven to nine cheese, according to their thick-
ness. First, brown paper was packed between them; this proving
unsatisfactory, the shavings from hemlock shingles were
used; next, a thick, clumsy scaleboard was put between them;
then the nice scaleboard still in use. The first boxes used for
packing cheese were made square, of unplanned clapboards, with
no scaleboards at the bottom or top; but those soon gave way
to the boxes in present use.

In the line of fine barns we think New Lyme is far ahead
of any town in the county. We refer to that of Calvin Dodge,

Esq. It is said that it will hold seventy-five tons of hay over the floors; the lower part has been done off into stables, after the most modern style.

In connection with the history of New Lyme we are inclined to the opinion that the great improvements being made at the New Lyme station by capitalists of New Lyme, should not be wholly overlooked. Already they have a mill for planing, dressing, and matching lumber. Also a first-class steam saw-mill. A large and commodious hotel is now being built, near which is a fine large horse-barn. It has an immense lumber yard, supplied with lumber from the Michigan pineries. The shipments of lumber for the supply of this lumber yard is indeed fabulous; forty car loads of lumber was recently received in a single shipment. One million shingles have already been received the present season, and still the cry is for more lumber. One man in New Lyme has just sent down an order for lumber for six large houses, having already built one. This don't look much like hard times, as the orders were accompanied with the cash.

We think the following wolf story, from Jeremiah Dodge, is worthy to be recorded in this history: He says that when about fifteen years old his father sent him to Humphrey's grist-mill, in Morgan, on an old white mare, with two bushels of grain under him. The distance was seven miles, and the day was cold and chilly; the snow was about six inches in depth, and the mud deep under the snow. After having gone about three miles through the woods, he met Mr. Roswell Woodruff, of Morgan, driving a pair of oxen attached to a sled. Mr. Woodruff gave him a word of encouragement, and he went on. Crossing a small creek and rising a steep bank beyond, he met a gang of wolves on Mr. Woodruff's track. The wolves did not appear willing to turn out for the old mare, so he stopped; then they sat down directly before him. Jerry hallooed to the wolves, who gave him a reverential attention, dropping their ears and bowing their heads. He plainly told them

his business, and requested that they should give him a share of the road. They paid good attention to his remarks, but did not move a peg. "Now," says Jerry, "what is to be done? if I turn and go back, the wolves may eat up the old mare and me too." He reached up into a tree, and broke off a limb covered with snow, which he shook at them, at the same time yelling at them at the top of his voice. He told them the time was passing away, and as he had left the little ones at home on short allowance, they must turn out. This argument seemed to touch the hearts of the tenderer sex, and they left the track; all but one old dog wolf, who still kept his post, while Jerry rode around him. Then putting the gad to the old mare, the way he made the mud and snow fly the next four miles through the woods, was indeed a caution to old folks.

Jeremiah Dodge, and his wife, Elizabeth, were the parents of old Eusebius and Edward C. Dodge, emigrated to New Lyme from East Haddam, Essex County, Connecticut, in company with their son, Edward C. Dodge. They arrived at New Lyme in the month of October, 1817, where they resided until the

1817 summer of 1818, when they settled in the east part of Rome. They built the house and cleared up the farm which is the present residence of Mr. Callender, where they lived with their son Edward, until their deaths. That of Mr. Dodge took place October 12, 1825, aged 82 years. His wife died March 12, 1849, aged 96 years. At the death of Mrs. Dodge their descendants numbered something over five hundred.

Elder Eusebius Dodge, son of E. Dodge, Esq., commenced deer hunting in 1821. He would not kill a deer until they were good; then when he had killed one hundred deer he would hang up his rifle and again swing his ax. He followed this practice until he thought he had killed a thousand deer. He once came near being killed by a buck that he had shot at and wounded. The battle was long and severe, and the Elder barely escaped with his life. At another time, to save the life of his dog, he raised his hunting hatchet to strike a bear

on the head, when the bear raised her huge paw and struck the hatchet from his hand, throwing it into the woods; she then struck her claw into his right shoulder and tore the flesh deeply from his shoulder to the second joint of his thumb, at the same time tearing his coat and shirt sleeves entirely off from him. She then sprung on him with wide extended jaws. On seeing, as he supposed, instant death staring him in the face, he made a sudden effort to thrust his naked right arm down the bear's throat, at the same time raising his left arm. The bear caught it in her mouth, near the wrist. In the meantime the dog fastened a grip on the bear, causing her to release her hold, and Mr. Dodge escaped from what appeared to be instant death.

At another time his dog chased a bear up a large tree, and followed him up by fastening his teeth with a tight grip into the bear, and thus was carried fifteen or twenty feet up the tree, when the bear stopped, and looked first over one shoulder and then the other, at the dog dangling in the air, fast hitched to his back parts, in perfect silence. It looked down at the dog, but was unable to reach him without falling: At length bruin let go his hold, and both dog and bear came tumbling to the ground together. Dodge was so convulsed with laughter at this scene, that he could not shoot, though a better chance was never offered. The bear struck out, and Dodge went home.

In the month of February, 1822, William D. Peck, J. J. Peck, Elijah Peck, Samuel G. and Silas Peck, John Bogue, Lemuel Flint, Seldon Huntley, Lyman Peck, and Eli Andrews, went up Rock Creek for the purpose of a hunt. After working up against the tamarack swamp, they found a tree scratched by bears climbing up it. They struck on it with their axes, and a large bear came down with the intention of leaving, but the men made such a noise that he went up again. They had no guns, but plenty of axes. The tree was cut down, and the bear jumped and made for the swamp. He

soon had the dogs and men after him making the woods ring with their noise. The bear fought manfully, and was as savage as a bear could well be. Seldon Huntley received a blow from the bear, on his knee, tearing his pants and cutting a gash across his knee-pan. In trying to get away, the bear ran between Mr. Andrews legs, taking him several rods backward toward the swamp. This rapid mode of traveling, backward on a bear's back, was not highly relished by Eli, especially as he heard his comrades clap their hands and cry at the top of their voices: 'Go it, Bear! Go it, Bear!' Bruin was finally overtaken and killed. And he proved to be a bear what was a bear.

The first frame house built in this town, was that of Dan Huntley, about three-quarters of a mile north of Dodgeville. The first frame barn was built on the same place, by Joseph Miller. About the same time a frame cornhouse was built by Perry G. Beckwith, soon followed by the building of the frame houses Samuel G. Peck, Zopher Gee, Eusebius Dodge, Charles Knowles, and others. Choice clear whitewood lumber could then be bought in any quantities for \$3.00 a thousand, in store goods, \$1.50 being the trade price for sawing. Leading carpenter and joiners wages were 75 cents a day, while good hands were plenty at 50 cents. Our best masons commanded 75 cents a day, in trade pay. First class farm hands for six months would get from \$7 to \$9 a month, trade pay.

In 1821 the writer worked one day with a gang of hands, for Samuel Lee, in a large wheat field on the farm now owned by Harvey Hill, where the writer now resides. The hands were in the field at sunrise and worked until after sundown. The wheat was cut with sickles. At night Mr. Lee offered the hands their choice between one bushel of old wheat, two
1821 bushels of old corn, or fifty cents in money. The writer took corn, and the rest of the hands took cash. In those days during haying and harvesting, breakfast was served between daylight and sunrise; lunch at 10 A. M., din-

ner at 12; lunch again at 4 P. M., and supper was eaten by candle-light.

In 1833 Jeremiah Dodge paid William D. Peck, one of the best hands in New Lyme, $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents a day, in cash, for hay-
1833 ing. The best cradlers in the land only charged fifty cents a day for cradling grain. Female labor was correspondingly low. Best girls to work in a dairy, seventy-five cents a week. Even up to 1850 none but the very best girls could command a dollar a week, and that only in large dairies. In 1848 the writer employed two of the best dairy girls to be found in the country, paying them \$1.00 a week each. They made the cheese from fifty cows, and milked, on an average, thirty-six cows a day. They made two cheese a day, one in the morning and one in the evening, which often kept them up quite late; yet they were on hand, dressed, washed, and ready for business at a little past 4 o'clock in the morning. In addition to making the butter and cheese, they did a large amount of housework and sewing.

In 1852 we hired one of the best dairy girls in Geauga county, when we advanced the wages to \$1.25 a week. To this advance in the wages of dairy girls, our leading dairy-men took exception, and we were severely reprimanded by some of them. They declared that it was setting a bad precedent; that no dairyman could afford to pay such high prices for female labor. We well remember that your then leading dairyman, Albert Latimer, took strong grounds against this advance in price. This girl made and took the most of the care of the cheese from thirty-five cows; milked eighteen cows a day, and did a large amount of other work. She arose at 4 o'clock in the morning and worked till late at night. With all due respect for the ladies of New Lyme, we have no hesitation in saying that this girl performed far more work than most of the girls that you now pay \$3.00 a week. We made, that season, about six hundred pounds of cheese to the cow, and not one ounce was lost by bad management.

The price of cheese for the last fifty-five years has ranged all the way from 3 to 20 cents a pound, and butter from 7 to 45 cents a pound. The price of dairy cows has in the same time ranged from \$7 to \$100 a head; the latter price having been offered, and refused, for a select cow from the writer's own dairy. The first cow ever owned by the writer was bought of Jonathan Worthen in 1821, for one hundred and seventy-five pounds of maple sugar, then worth 3 cents a pound, cash, or 6 cents in trade. The seller took the sugar at trade price, as he did not want the name of selling a cow for \$4.50, when he could just as well have \$9.00. The same cow was afterward sold to Charles Knowles, Jr., of New Lyme, then Lebanon, for slashing seven acres of timber, he finding his own whisky and board. Slashing at that time was \$1.00 an acre.

As the price of labor in Colebrook and New Lyme were about the same, we give a few credits from our own books as far back as 1822 up to 1835. Here we find credits to different ones for chopping four foot wood at 20 cents a cord, and splitting rails at 18 cents a hundred; also credits for hewing timber at 50 cents a day. In 1833 we find credits to different men, for 16369 feet of whitewood lumber and ash flooring, all clear stuff, at from \$3 to \$4 per thousand; and brick at \$3 to \$4 per thousand, according to quality. The above prices were all of them for trade pay. We also find large credits in haying and harvesting, ranging from 31 to 62½ cents a day. As to the kind of pay: We find charged to Mr. Jeremiah Dodge in July 1822, one pig weighing nine pounds and six ounces, for one dollar, trade pay; this, at that time, would be equal to fifty cents in cash. We don't remember whether he bought this pig for the purpose of improving his stock or not; but we more think it was one of those long-nosed and long-legged kind of regular old rattlesnake catchers, and that he wanted it to clear his meadows of that species of varmint.

The first road laid out in this town, was the one running from the Stults & Jaynes' mill easterly; it follows up the south bank of Lebanon Creek to the east of Brownsville. It is, indeed, a road with many bends in it, yet it is at the present day one of the most beautiful and picturesque roads to be found anywhere in our State.

In speaking of fine blooded cattle we have unintentionally passed by the old Red Jacket breed, brought in by Elijah Brown. They were handsome red cattle, with fine broad horns. The cows were stately, and fine milkers. We are inclined to think that the Dodges had an interest in this importation. Be that as it may, there is no questioning the fact that they were a fine breed of cattle, and highly creditable to the importers.

Judge William S. Deming, now one of the solid men of our county, like most of our rich men, commenced business with small means on a correspondingly small scale. He engaged in the mercantile business, at Brownsville, in the spring of 1834, in company with John W. Oakley and Elijah Brown, under the name of Oakley, Deming & Co. This firm continued in business for two years. After that the business was continued in the name of William S. Deming; Deming & St. John; William S. & John Deming; and Deming & See. He then went into the commission business with J. Straight and others, in Cincinnati, under the name of Straight, Deming & Co. Since that time they have extended their business to Cleveland, New Orleans, St. Louis, and other cities, and gone largely into the manufacturing of cheese; and they either own or control two large sugar plantations in the State of Louisiana. He has been Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of this County, Justice of the Peace, and for many years postmaster, in this town; all of which offices he has filled to the satisfaction of all concerned. In an early day he dealt largely in cattle and produce, in which he was generally successful.

Some people might say that the Judge has been one of that class that Providence has smiled upon through life. We yet

believe with the Emperor Bonaparte, "that Providence smiles most on the bravest soldiers." Riches have never caused Judge Deming to relax his energies, or to look down with disdain upon those who are his inferiors in wealth. He still delights in telling young America how he drove a yoke of oxen, behind an old bob-tailed mare, hitched to an old-time two-wheel cart, to Pittsburg after his first load of goods. The Judge is still one of the most industrious men in this community. Beside attending to his immense business, he cultivates his own garden and makes himself generally useful. He gives with a liberal hand. Times have greatly changed with him since he drove the oxen and old mare to Pittsburg. He can now step into his office, and in a few moments tell you of the prospect of the sugar crop on his Louisiana plantations, or whether any of his hands are on the sick list; he can converse with his several houses in Cleveland, St. Louis, New Orleans, or Cincinnati, or inquire of his friend Vanderbilt if it is likely that his once favorite Lake Shore stock will soon go much below fifty cents on the dollar.

The Free Will Baptist Church in this town was organized November 12, 1826, by Elder Samuel Wires, from the Holland purchase yearly meeting. The number of members at its organization were nine; six males and three females, namely: Benjamin Reeve, Elias Brockway, Elijah Brown, Rumsey Reeve, Daniel Bogue, Joshua Strickland, Lovina Waters, Martha Reeve, and Serepta Brown. Clerk, Joshua Strickland; Deacon, Benjamin Reeve. The first delegates to a Quarterly Meeting, were Benjamin Reeve, Elijah Brown, and Daniel Bogue. Some of the several pastors who have had charge of this church at different periods were: Elders Wires, Cheeny, Dodge, Rolland, Perry, Craft, D. H. Miller, Dunn, Rice, Straight, Crandall, Page, and Drake, who is the present pastor.

The first child born in a frame house in this town, was Marcena Miller, Esq. And it is said the first thing he cried for was a new hat, to which he believed himself justly entitled.

The first Cheese Factory ever started in this county, was

the old Alderney. It was built by Albert Latimer and Jonathan Bishop, in 1865 or '66. It has now been run ten years, eight years of which it has been under the management of 1865 our old pioneer cheese-maker, Mr. Zopher Gee. (Two years out of the ten he has had the charge of the Lebanon Valley Factory). The first season this Factory was run it was quite difficult to raise milk from three hundred cows. The next season was a little better, and the third they had the milk from 1,100 cows; this year from six hundred. The best sales of cheese, made from this Factory, was 20 cents a pound on the shelves. Mr. Latimer, one of the proprietors, had long been engaged in manufacturing dairy cheese, and for many years had been a large purchaser of cheese, mostly on commission.

The Lebanon Valley Factory, owned by Dodge and Brown, work up the milk from 1,100 cows. The present price of making up the milk is \$1.50 per hundred pounds; the price, at the commencement, was \$2.00 per hundred.

As to the soldiers who went into the army during the late Rebellion, there were forty-six men who enlisted from this town. The following nineteen of them died, or were killed in the service: Russell Clark, Henry Clark, James Foster, David Gardner, David Goodwill, Andrew Holman, Thomas Heath, Henry Heath, Orrin Holcomb, Eli C. Joles, John C. Knowles, David Lamont, Edgar R. Lucas, Emerson Richardson, Wm. H. Reeve, Albert A. Sherman, Elias P. Stone, Erastus J. Way and Truman Williams. The following twenty-seven were discharged: A. C. Champion, Joseph K. Bratten, George Collyer, Alfred J. Day, Noah Day, Cyrus Day, Henry Edson, George Evans, Henry Fort, Orlando Gardner, George Guest, Charles E. Griffin, Orville Hepburn, R. N. Hoskins, Earl E. House, George Hallam, Thomas Knowles, Alfred Knowles, Newton Knowlton, John Morrison, Edward Morrison, James W. Ritchie, James Patchen, Fennimore Peck, Levi Thompkins, and Platt L. Wood.

New Lyme has at present four mercantile establishments, all capitalists; and all doing a large and apparently healthy

business. They are as follows: Hiram Dodge, and M. L. Strickland, of Dodgeville; Perry Hyde, and M. H. Wilson, of Brownsville. There is a telegraph office kept at the store of Perry Hyde, which connects with the main line at New Lyme station.

We have two blacksmith shops in full operation. That of William Miller, at Dodgeville, has been run by him, in the same shop, for thirty-two years. That of Mr. Evans, at Brownsville, only a few years. Both are doing a fine business in their line.

We must not omit the extensive harness shop of M. H. Wilson, which has been in full blast for many years. At this shop you can find a fit from a young colt up to a horse forty years old.

New Lyme has also a fine Brass Band, which is fast coming to maturity. We should here mention that his Honor, Judge Deming, made them a present of \$100 in cash to start with. We suppose that long ere this he has received the thanks of the Band boys.

We must not pass unnoticed the extensive manufacturing establishment of Richmond, Dodge & Co., on Maple avenue. This is a house of long standing, and the amount of fine wagons, buggies, carts, and sleds, sent out annually from this establishment, is truly wonderful. Then we have the establishment of Elisha Beckwith, of Brownsville. Though not on as large a scale, yet the workmanship done at that shop is nice.

While at Maple Avenue we should have spoken of our comical, old-time friend, uncle William Stults, who is still fitting up shoes for the multitude. It will pay a person, while waiting for him to fit on a patch, to take a walk through his fancy grounds and fine garden; and then take a peep at his little Isaac, born to him in his old age.

While Brownsville can boast of its Good Templar Lodge, so can Dodgeville of its fine building for the meeting of the Free Masons. where, we suppose, are to be found all the ma-

terials for making up that article, from a gridiron upwards.

As some of our young friends may like to know what kind of furniture was in use as compared with that of the present day, we will speak of one article which would compare favorably with that in general use at that time, and that is of the bedsteads: They were made of round poles, both for the sides and posts. When it was convenient, we would bore holes into the logs of the house, and thus save posts. We well remember when we had four of that class of bedsteads in use. Though it may not interest others, yet we have a little incident to relate about one of those bedsteads which is strongly imprinted on our memory. Before bringing home our young

1828 bride, in 1828, who, by the way, had been reared in luxury, which inspired us to desire something a little extra from what we then had in use, we went into the woods and cut some smooth, round, basswood poles, which were nicely peeled, and prepared for a bridal bedstead. Not being conversant with the use of tools, we made some mistake in boring the holes in the posts, for when it was put together, one corner hopped up about a foot from the floor, and if you went to put that down, then another corner would hop up. In fact, it was just what, in later years, would have been called a spiritualist bedstead.

The first list of personal property taken in this town, was in June, 1813, by John Gee, lister: The number of listers was seventeen, all now dead. Number of horses listed, six; number of cattle, fifty-six. Total valuation, \$740.

We have the following statement from Alvin Beckwith, son of Perry G. Beckwith, now 75 years old. He says his father's family arrived at the house of Joel Owen in July, 1811.

1811 That this was the first arrival of that year. They built a log house on the place where Mr. Potter now lives, near Brownsville, and that this was the first log house built in the town after that of Mr. Owen. They sent to Austenburg for hands to help roll the logs for the house; two men came

from Jefferson. The house was put up on Saturday; the two men from Jefferson staid and helped them put on the long-shingled roof, which was done on Sunday. Monday morning they chopped a hole through for a door, and moved into the house the same day, without sleepers, floors, doors, or windows, and minus a chimney. Soon after this they took a compass and blazed trees through the woods to Houghton's Spring Mill, in Andover.

Alvin was once sent to that mill with two bushels of wheat, on horseback. It was late when he left the mill for home, and when about three miles on the road home, it became so dark that he could not follow the road. He took off his grist, set it up beside a tree, put the saddle on top of that, and set on it all night, holding the horse by the bridle. The wolves closed around him, and kept up a continual howling all night. When daylight arrived, he reloaded his grist and went home all right. He tells us that he had eighty coons skins of his own catching in one fall. When out coon hunting one night, with Charles Knowles, their three dogs treed a bear up a large whitewood tree, and they watched him until daylight, when Stephen Bisnop shot him dead at the second shot. When shot, he was sitting on a limb ninety feet from the ground. During the night he had often started to come down the tree, but they kept him back by throwing fire-brands at him, which mode of treatment he did not seem to relish.

If there is any one thing over another to which the citizens of New Lyme are entitled to credit, it is for the great respect shown their departed friends. This is shown by their fine and costly monuments, as well as by the neat manner of keeping the cemetery enclosures. The grounds are well set out with evergreens and shade trees, with a sprinkling of perennial flowers. They have two public cemeteries, and three private, or family, burial-places. The largest of the former is near Dodgeville; the other is northeast of Brownsville. In taking a view of the latter, we were surprised to find so many

costly monuments. One of them, in particular, attracted our attention. It was that of Perry G. Beckwith, and Anna, his wife, late of Colebrook. It has recently been erected by their only son, David Beckwith, and is enclosed by a no less expensive iron fence set on marble.

The family burial ground of Joseph Miller, is three-quarters of a mile north of Dodgeville, on the old Miller farm. The one where rests the remains of Lemuel Lee, is a half-mile south of the Dr. Fuller corners, on the edge of a beautiful grove of timber, some twenty rods east of the road. This romantic place was selected by him during his life, as the place where he desired to be laid at rest. The other, and the most beautiful of all, is the Stults' family grounds, on Maple avenue, where every passer-by can not fail to admire the beauty of the place and its surroundings.

Of the heads of the families that settled here in 1811, all are now dead. Jeremiah Dodge and wife are the only couple now living together of the children who came here in 1811. **1811** Of the ninety persons who came at that time in one group only eighteen are now living, and they are of the following families: Griffin G. Peck, six; Daniel Peck, two; Eusebius Dodge, two; Charles Knowles, one; Zopher Gee, two; Perry G. Beckwith, three; Sanford Miner, one; Peter Chapman, one, who is now the wife of Jeremiah Dodge.

Thus, you see, almost all the first settlers of your town have gone to their long home. And the small number who still linger on the brink of the grave, will soon be with you no more. It has been well said that when you bury one of your first settlers, with them you bury a valuable portion of your early history. This you have from time to time continued to do, until a valuable portion of the early history of your township lies hidden in yonder graveyards. However solemn the thought, yet it is nevertheless true, that in far less than one hundred years from this time, the people that now inhabit this town, will only be spok-

en'of as a strange people that once inhabited this land, and you and I will be thought of no more forever.

And now, with our kindest thanks for the assistance rendered us in getting up this history, and our best wishes for your future welfare, we now pass it into your hands with all its imperfections, deeply regretting that you did not make choice of some one far more able than we are, to write up a history of so much importance to you all.



